

THE SONG OF BETHLEHEM.

Soft, through the twilight's gathering gloom,  
Where fancies wake, and memories  
Through the dim silence of my room,  
There floats the echo of a song—  
The old, sweet song of Bethlehem.

Once more, by firelight's fitful glow,  
A child upon my mother's breast,  
The softly rocks me to and fro,  
And sings the song I love the best—  
The song of star-lit Bethlehem.

Main, the old familiar place,  
The shadows flickering on the wall,  
The firelight shining on her face,  
While on my ear the sweet notes fall—  
The star—the star of Bethlehem!

That tender face! I see it now  
In halo like the holy light  
That crowned the Hebrew mother's brow  
Who on that wondrous starry night  
Carried the Babe of Bethlehem.

The embers die upon the hearth,  
And turn to ashes, dull and gray—  
But, through the twilight, still I hear,  
Like one who sings, far, far away,  
The old, sweet song of Bethlehem.

The vision fades—my dream is past—  
On the same hearth the fires still glow—  
Would God the shadows that they cast  
Were the same shapes as long ago,  
When her sweet voice sang "Bethlehem!"

Gone is the song—and she who sung  
Is numbered with the vanished years.  
At twilight hour, at day begun,  
I listen, longing, through my tears,  
For her who sang of Bethlehem.

—Julia H. Goddard, in Youth's Companion.

MYSTERIOUS MRS. MUNN.

It was while driving through Central park that delightful spring Sunday afternoon with my friends, the Van Dams, that I got my first glimpse of the lady; that is, my first glimpse since we had made each other a formal farewell, three years before, in the picturesque little western town where she lived and I lingered for three months in the hope of realizing a fortune on a small real estate investment. We passed each other rapidly, and my attention was so drawn to the magnificence of her equipage and its accoutrements that I almost failed to see who was the occupant of the vehicle; and I had such a brief inspection of the features that I was by no means sure that I was not mistaken as to her identity.

I turned was evidently not observed. She was reclining in the luxurious cushions of the carriage, and, with true aristocratic indifference, saw nothing but the impassive backs of her driver and footman. There was a snowy fur box about her shoulders, and that is all I can remember of her dress.

"What a beautiful woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Dam, without noticing my low ejaculation of surprise.

"That is the finest team of horses I ever saw in Central park," declared her husband, who sat with his back to the front and had not seen the lady's face.

"Do you know who she is?" said Mrs. Van Dam to me.

"I—I had such a short view," I replied, with some hesitation. "I cannot be positive. But I think her name is Munn—Beverly Munn. I knew her in the east. She was not very rich then. I did not know that she was in New York. She seems comfortable now."

"To say the least!" laughed Mrs. Van Dam. "That is, of course, a private carriage. I wonder I have not heard of her before. She cannot have been here long. A woman like that should be talked about a good deal, one way or another, you know, Mrs. Munn, you said. Is her husband living?"

"I believe not," I answered, "unless she has married within the last three years."

"Um," said Mrs. Van Dam, which might have meant several things. "Anyway," she went on, "she seems to get along very comfortably alone. Did you know her very well, Felix? Is she quite—er—respectable?"

"She comes of a very excellent family," was told, I hastened to say. "I knew her pretty well. She is a very good liver, and very careful of her conduct."

Mrs. Van Dam was not exactly satisfied with my answers to her questions; she was conscious that she gave me a piece out of the corner of her eye as to say: "You are very good, but don't tell all you know."

A point of the conversation rolled into Fifth avenue subject was changed, the remainder of the drive to think of Mrs. Munn, and how she came to be in New York where she got the money to get an appearance. "Surely she can't get her wealth from the 30 and sand and rocks!" I laughed.

"My breath," she must have married again," I concluded—"married some millionaire. Certainly she was clever enough. She was the cleverest woman I ever saw, and I'll wager she has not lost a good point in these three years."

One night, some two weeks after my drive in the park with the Van Dams, I was having a bit of supper at Delmonico's when Bessie Slaterly, fresh from the theater, strolled in and joined me. Bessie comes from genuine old stock, and is worth \$2,000,000 if a dollar.

"Gosh, the man I want to see!" he exclaimed, as he dropped into a seat opposite me. "Do you know a Mrs. Munn—a Mrs. Beverly Munn?"

The question was so abrupt that I am sure my eyes answered him before I spoke.

"I know her slightly," I confessed.

"Good! I thought so," he said, with satisfaction. "Met her in the west somewhere, didn't you? Let me see—what was it told me? Oh, yes, Lulu Slaterly. Said she got it from Mrs. Van Dam, and said you knew all about it. Munn. Now, Felix, open your eyes. What is she? All the fellows in New York are after her. She has a husband, and I'm sure

and not a soul knows anything about her, or where she came from. She's a mystery if there ever was one, and there's not a man of us has the courage to question her. Hang it, she's the cleverest woman I ever met. She makes you think you have known her always, but if you ask her a pointed question about herself, she evades it so gracefully you forget what it was you asked, and you know no more about her than you did before you met her. She's a perfect marvel of tact and beauty, and I'll be hanged if I don't find out all about her if it takes me till Christmas."

"She must be making a sensation," I observed, when Bessie paused to recover his breath.

"Sensation!" he repeated. "Why, she makes a sensation wherever she goes. She is the best dressed woman in New York. Everybody is talking about her. She has taken a house in the avenue—the Burbank house, you know, near Fifty-third street, and the De Kanes have taken her up. Not that the De Kanes have much of a pull of their own, and they do say old De Kane is a bankrupt, and that he was paid \$30,000 to introduce such of us fellows as he could induce to dine with him, to Mrs. Munn. But that's women's talk. The family have kept their mouths shut like clams about the beauty. Perhaps that was in the bargain. Somebody said she was a Chicago divorcee, but she herself said that her husband was dead. I got that much information out of her, and that's more than Stuyvesant or any of the other fellows got. Still, she might have been a divorcee, and her husband might have died since the divorce, you see, Felix, she's not one of our set at all, and instead of taking her up, we ought to give the De Kanes the razzle dazle for attempting to boost into society a woman that won't stand investigation. But, confound it! we can't turn our backs on the game; for I for one am tired of the same old girls, for they're stupid and thin, and haven't got a grain of snap or ginger, while here's a woman who is absolutely fascinating, and who is clever. Is a fellow going to miss all the fun in life for the sake of good form? I tell you there are a half dozen fellows, and Stuyvesant is one of them—I'm not saying anything about myself—who would marry Mrs. Munn to-morrow, and ask no questions. What do you think of that?"

"She seems to have plenty of money," I rejoined, "and that might cover a multitude of sins."

"Money? I should say she has!" Bessie began again, after swallowing an abstruse frapee a waiter had brought him, "\$5,000,000 of it. That is, she says that's the size of her bank account. Of course, I don't know. But it looks as if it was so from the tremendous rate at which she is living. She tells me she has entirely redecorated the Burbank house, and that just as soon as she is perfectly settled she means to give a dinner. Think of the nerve! But I'll bet \$100 all the fellows will be there. I don't know about the women, though. They're deuced shy. I hear the Trippman girls have said some pretty hard things about Mrs. Munn; but that's only jealousy. I suppose all the girls are piqued because the fellows have fallen into the new beauty's net. Can't blame 'em, of course. But they really don't know anything against her, I'm sure of that, for I would have heard it. I don't want to hear anything against her; she looks and acts like a proper person, and I think she is. I'd like to hear some good of her for a change. What do you know, Felix? I've been telling you all about her, when you should have been telling me."

"Well, I'm sorry I haven't the desired information, Bessie," I said. "I met her in some western city—in Colorado, I think it was—when I was out there on business three years ago. I never knew much about her. I found her very charming and clever, and called on her a few times."

"Oh, come, Felix!" Bessie interrupted. "What's the use of that sort of talk? You're almost as clever at evasion as she is herself. Why don't you tell me the truth? Hang it! you don't want to tell."

"My dear boy!" I expostulated, "if I knew anything, I'd tell you."

"But you know something!" Bessie insisted. "Really, you ought to tell it, Felix. You're the only one who can clear up the mystery about this woman. This universal silence is suspicious. One would think you had made a bargain with her to keep a close mouth."

"But I haven't spoken to her in three years," I returned; "I shouldn't have known she was in New York except for a glimpse I got of her in the park a fortnight ago. I supposed she had married a New Yorker. I knew no better until you told me. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll call on Mrs. Munn within the next two weeks, and have a talk with her. Perhaps I may find out something that will interest you. If you and Stuyvesant and the other fellows will meet me here at 11 o'clock two weeks from to-night, I'll give you the benefit of my visit."

"By Jove! it's a go," Bessie declared. "I see no other way to find out about her. She'll tell you everything for the sake of old acquaintance. And there's a good deal to tell, or I'm mighty mistaken."

So it was settled, and I went home to bed, leaving Bessie meditating somewhat gloomily over another abstinence.

I was in good faith in my promise to call on Mrs. Munn, and the very next day, I think it was, I presented myself at the door of the Burbank mansion.

The library, into which I was ushered, had been almost completely refurbished and was very luxuriant. A copy of my latest novel was lying open on a table.

"So you have come at last," said a soft voice suddenly, and Mrs. Munn came into the room and gave me both her hands for an instant.

She was smiling, as one who is very happy.

"At last!" I answered. "I didn't suppose—that is, I didn't know you were in New York until a few days ago, and I

didn't learn where you lived until last night."

"Didn't you really?"

"No; and you see how soon I have come."

"It is very good of you; and you are as gallant of speech as ever, I see."

"You might have sent for a fellow," I returned.

"You know very well why I would never have done that. You must have been awfully out of the world not to have located me sooner," she laughed.

"I have. I have been busy night and day during the last month. You know my weakness for leaving work until the last minute, and then slaving over it."

"I know several of your weaknesses," she said, again laughing. "What do you think of my success in New York?"

"It would have been marvelous for anybody but you."

"If you only meant half that you utter so smoothly!"

"How do you know how much I mean? I may have changed; wise men do, you know—fools never."

"First you compliment me, and then yourself. You will have to write a better novel than your last one before I will believe you are wise."

"I finished a better one yesterday. Do you know that New York is talking about you?"

"You know what some one says: 'There is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is, not being talked about.'"

"I supposed you were married before this."

She looked at me in mischievous surprise.

"How could you think that?" she said, naively.

I mentally concluded she was the most consummate actress I had ever seen.

"You don't mean to say," I began, when she hastily interrupted.

"I suppose you will tell New York all about me?" she asked.

"Why should I? I don't know anything to tell," I returned.

"It was my turn to dissimulate."

"You are very kind. I have a piece of news for you that will surprise you. I think—that is, if you can be surprised."

"I'll try to be, if it will please you."

"Well, you know the 50 acres of sand and rocks you were good enough to present to me."

"I know."

She began laughing again.

"In the last three years that bit of estate has yielded \$2,000,000 worth of gold quartz, and I am told the men are just getting well into the vein."

There was no concealing my actual astonishment.

"What?" I exclaimed. "That beastly patch of earth yielded \$2,000,000? And here I am dragging over my novels!"

Her face grew serious.

"See what you get for losing your patience," she said, "and for—er—other things."

"When I lost my patience you found wealth and happiness," I responded, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Wealth," she corrected.

"I can understand now much that was not plain to me before," I continued. "New York is the place for you. You can have all the luxuries now—even the luxury of a blue-blooded or titled husband. Your success is already tremendous. If people only wouldn't ask questions!"

"If you wish to misunderstand me, you may," she walked to the window which overlooked the avenue, and, drawing aside the curtains, gazed down on the passing carriages. Presently she turned and gave me a meaningful look.

"The situation is the same as it was then," she said, "except that—"

"Except what?"

"There's an 18-carat finish to it."

"I can't be bought!" I exclaimed, pacing the floor.

"Please don't insult me, Felix," she answered. "I saw that her face was white, and that her lips quivered. As I went nearer to her, I saw a tear steal from under her lashes."

I am like other men, and a woman's tears affect me deeply. There was not another word said. Moved by an irresistible influence, I caught her in my arms.

When I went into Delmonico's at 11 o'clock at night two weeks later, I found Bessie Slaterly, Stuyvesant and a half dozen other smart fellows gathered about a bottle of fizz. They were expecting me.

"You've got to tell us all you know, Felix," declared Bessie, as I found a seat. "We're all at sword's point, but we have one common aim in life—and that is, to clear up the mystery concerning Mrs. Munn. Now tell us everything, old chap. What did you learn by your visit?"

I answered very deliberately. "If you remember my promise, Bessie," I said, "you know my words were that I would give you the benefit of my visit up there, and tell you whatever might interest you. Well, the result of my visit was that I am to marry the lady within a week. In view of this event, I can't see that Mrs. Munn's past can possibly interest you in any way whatever. Can you? Waiter," I continued, turning to the attending functionary. "Will you bring three more bottles?"—The Lotus.

BULUWAYO.

Two Years Ago a Matabele Kral, It Now Has Clubs and Hotels.

Buluwayo has become unexpectedly, and through no desire on its part, the center of unusual interest to all British people. A little more than two years ago it was the chief kral of old Lobengula and his dusky warriors. Then the irrepressible Britisher stepped in, claimed it for his own, and fashioned and modeled it into the semblance of a motherland township, with most of the concomitants that go to make up a civilized community. Now, we are alarmed with the news that the Matabeles have risen in force, and are irresistibly reminded of the struggles in the earlier part of this century between the white pioneers and the Kafirs.

No better idea of the position occupied by Buluwayo to-day could be obtained than by a glance through the columns of its papers. The Buluwayo Chronicle is a well-printed eight-page journal, published twice weekly, and containing a brave show of advertisements as a testimony to the enterprise of the settlers. Already the editor finds cause to chasten: "There are various events occurring in Buluwayo which denote the transition of the town from the rough-and-ready period to that of the settled stage. Men are more careful in their dress, and the age of starched shirts and dress suits has arrived. The free and careless order is relegated to the old, obstinate pioneers, who will not change. But, if the change has its good side, it has also its reverse, for there is not the dependence on the word that there was in other times. The lawyers are more busy, and the reading of this or that clause is now contested, and a judicial decision obtained, where previously the spirit in which the contract was entered into was religiously acted up to."

What right has dress clothes in this recital? And what connection has starched shirts with an indifference to one's word? Is it the advent of the lawyers, who, unlike their English brethren, are not above advertising their presence? Litigation would be difficult without these gentry. And what has Buluwayo to do with dress clothes? Do they dine there at a fashionable hour, or are the young exquisites preparing for the opening of the new opera house, which is to be erected by a company with a capital of £30,000? This opera house is to have an "elegant exterior," seating accommodation for 800, and to be lighted by electricity. Modernity with a vengeance in old Lobengula's Buluwayo.

Buluwayo, too, has its club, a number of hotels, a stock exchange (as a matter of course), a building society on mutual principles, a chamber of commerce, a circuit court, a polo club and a lodge of Free Masons. True, a remnant of primitive habits, dating from two years ago, survives here and there. What shall we say, for instance, of the stubborn old pioneers who persist in turning their horses adrift in Eighth avenue to make their way back unattended to the stables? No wonder our editor calls it an "extraordinary pastime." The thing couldn't be done in London. Buluwayo must put a stop to it.

One piece of gratifying news is that the Buluwayo Laundry company "went through swimmingly," being large oversubscribed. Buluwayo will now have the opportunity of getting decently clean shirts. This is, we repeat, gratifying. Dress clothes would look strange without the complement of starched shirts. Then one finds innumerable other instances of the progress of Buluwayo. Some one has become bankrupt there, or gone into liquidation, and a snookkeeper is already holding a clearance sale at which enormous bargains are to be had. The Wesleyans have built a new church on Ninth avenue, and had a conversation to celebrate the event. Suburban resorts, too, are springing into existence, a certain gentleman having taken the Welsh Harp hotel, at the Umugosa river, six miles out, with the intention of making it a popular place for shooting matches (pigeons, not lions), cricket, tennis and other essentially British sports.

English farmers will turn green with envy on reading the prices paid for produce in Buluwayo. Butter realizes from 7 shillings to 13 shillings 6 pence per pound. Eggs are to be had for modest little sums varying from 8 shillings 6 pence to 12 shillings per dozen, though this is somewhat difficult of comprehension, when fowls are only worth from 3 shillings 6 pence to 6 shillings each. Do not the hens lay in Matabeleland? And if they do not, whence come the fowls? Cabbage, too, is at a premium, being worth from 2 shillings to 4 shillings 6 pence each. Probably the people of Buluwayo dispense with butter, eggs and cabbage, as superfluous luxuries, unless they are all becoming wealthy.

And now, like a bolt from the blue, we read of Buluwayo being in danger itself from the men who once owned the land—an unpleasant reminder that savages cannot be subjugated and civilized in a day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**Gold Ring in a Turtle Shell.**  
The assistant agent at the Adams Express office in Washington, O., while assisting in placing a salt sea turtle weighing 250 pounds in the fish pond at the Washington cemetery lately found an old-fashioned gold ring, with a brilliant set just under the shell of the creature. It had evidently become lodged under the shell while the turtle was in the sea, and no doubt was the property of some unfortunate traveler. Some think it would be profitable to dissect the turtle for other valuable jewels.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Hostilities.**  
"It's really mean," said the Amazon indignantly. "There ought to be some sort of restriction to prevent such a thing in civilized warfare."  
"What do you mean?"  
"One of the scouts has just come in. He reports that the enemy is making arrangements to use trained mice!"—Detroit Tribune.

WOMAN AND HOME.

DAINTY BEDROOMS.

Quiet, Cool Apartments Furnished in Blue and White.

White enamel bedroom sets are as fashionable as ever for the bedrooms of country houses. The surface is either of plain enamel with brass trimmings, or with decorations of Delft blue in the form of little landscapes, showing where pretty blue bridges stretch over equally pretty blue streams where there are boats on the water and windmills by the shore, or bachelor buttons are painted in clusters or scattered singly over each piece. The blue decorations may be conventional in design and take the form of empire wreaths of leaves or flowers, or of scrolls.

Often a few decorated pieces, a toilet table and a chair or two, or perhaps a cheval glass, may be the only decorated pieces used with a plain white set. Again, the blue may only appear in the wall paper or hangings, or in the mantel ornaments and clock and lamp shades, which may be of Delft blue and white. The light through the globe-shades of Delft blue and white is particularly pleasing when it lights up a really good little view of land and water. These shades are, however, high priced. On the low-priced shades the drawing is very poor, and the boats ride in the sky, and the windmills occur in most impossible places and positions. These blue and white shades look their best on lamps of wrought iron. When blue and white is not chosen for a bedroom, green and white, old pink and white, or violet and white are cool-looking colors to put together. Often a young woman who can paint flowers well decorates a window seat, a rocking chair and a writing desk for herself. Such a room is charming when the decorations are violet and the white wall paper is also scattered with the same flowers, with many of them in a festooned frieze where there are many green leaves. This extreme daintiness of coloring should, however, only be chosen for a room where the maids who care for the house or the maiden who occupies it has leisure to keep it immaculate. When a light coloring is desired, and white is not liked, curly birch and bird's-eye maple are both used for bedroom furniture. White furnishings have most opposite effects on different persons. One woman who has a white room finds its glare tiresome, another thinks it restful.—St. Louis Republic.

DAINTY SIDEBORD SCARF.

join; this forms a square; work 5 d tre drawn off together at the top on each side of the square with 13 ch between; work 5 ch to form the first d tre. Break off, make another center as before, but catch the first point to point in first square, 6 ch, join to 7 ch in first square, 6 ch, make another point and repeat with 13 ch between.

The following squares have to be joined on two sides: When the required length is made work on each side 6 d into each square, 1 d e into each point and 1 d e where the ch join. For knotted fringes pierce holes in the linen close to the edge (which should be doubled as far as the insertion) by means of a sewing machine, with the needle not threaded; set the stitch large. Work into the holes dc with loops of ch between; into these loops knot the fringe made of the same thread used for working.

ODOR OF FEATHERS.

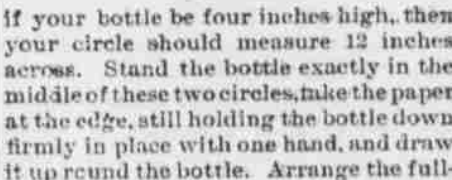
It Is Due to Their Being Improperly or Hastily Cured.

Properly cured feathers have no odor. When there is a close, disagreeable odor present, it is due to their being improperly cured. There is no remedy which we are aware of for this. Alring the feathers will do no special good. The smaller the stem of the feather the less danger of trouble. The odor comes from the decay of the animal matter in the pith of the feather, and the larger the stem the greater the proportion of this matter and the more likely to be trouble. Where feathers have been subjected to the proper degree of heat at the beginning before decay takes place all the pith is thoroughly dried out and cannot become odorous. Where the pith has once been left to decay and infect the feathers with its foul odor, a harm has been done that cannot be completely undone. It is waste of time to attempt to disinfect such feathers. All feathers should be "done over" at least once in six or seven years. They are improved by hanging them out occasionally in the rain and sun, to enable the ticks to become thoroughly aired and cleaned. Modern invention has introduced a little modern ventilator in the side of the new pillows which pumps air among the feathers, and, it is said, makes the pillow lighter. It always pays to buy the best feathers, because they are so much lighter, that bulk for bulk the best are no dearer than the poorest. It is generally cheap feathers with coarse quills that become odorous.—N. Y. Tribune.

CREPE PAPER WORK.

How to Make a Very Dainty and Attractive Scent Bottle Cover.

Take crinkled or crepe paper of two colors, such as pale pink and blue, yellow and brown, green and pale yellow, or any other pretty combination to suit the room. Lay the two papers together and cut a circle measuring three times the height of the bottle; for instance,



If your bottle be four inches high, then your circle should measure 12 inches across. Stand the bottle exactly in the middle of these two circles, take the paper at the edge, still holding the bottle down firmly in place with one hand, and draw it up round the bottle. Arrange the fullness to set as evenly as possible, then secure it with wire around the neck. Bend down the edges, which at present are standing upright, and pull out and coax the paper so that it sets like a frill and large gofferings around the mouth of the bottle, as clearly shown by illustration. Arrange the paper tolerably evenly, but not formally, and finally tie a piece of colored ribbon over the wire below the frill. Make a smart bow, and, if necessary, fit it with a pin or a few stitches. If the bottle is large enough to allow of this, add a spray of artificial flowers starting from the middle of the bow and trailing down the side of the bottle. A pair of these bottles are a great addition to the dressing-table.—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

salt in the Household.

A little salt rubbed on the cups will remove tea stains. Salt put into white-wash will make it stick better. Use salt and water to clean willow furniture, applying it with a brush and rubbing dry. Gingham or cambrics rinsed in salt and water will hold their color and look brighter. Salt and water make an excellent remedy for inflamed eyes. Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are often checked by small doses of salt. Neuralgia of the feet and limbs can be cured by the use of salt.

Good for Lung Diseases.

A New York specialist on lung diseases recently prescribed a course of treatment for a woman who was evidently far on the road to consumption. What he told her to take was all sorts of strengthening food, such as rare beef, cream, lots of butter, etc. Besides this, he directed her to eat raw eggs, beaten up in milk until she could bring herself to take 12 a day. This last regime alone, faithfully carried out, has, it is believed, saved another consumptive; it has helped the first woman greatly as well.

High Time.

Mrs. Meyer—Look at old Mrs. Boney. This is the first time I ever saw her at a ball in a high-necked dress.

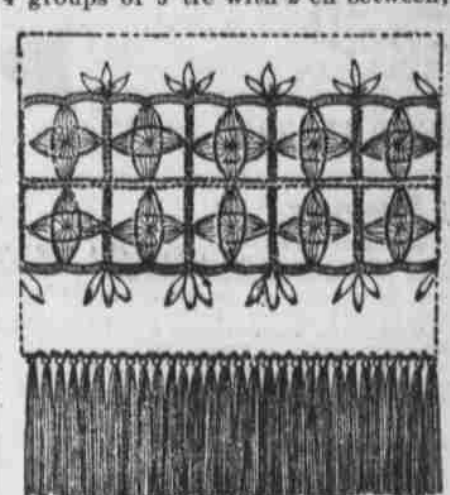
Mrs. Schmidt—Well, it's high time she drew a veil over the past.—Texas Eliter.

SIDEBORD SCARF.

A Crochet Novelty Which Closely Resembles Drawn Work.

A very dainty novelty in crochet work is shown. At first sight one can hardly believe that it is crochet work, so closely does it resemble the drawn work patterns from which it is copied. The patterns can be utilized for coarser work than that for which they are designed. They may be adapted for bureau scarfs, tablecloths, tidies, cushions, etc., in combinations with linen, scrim or silk, but reproduced in their greatest perfection they should be of fairly-like texture.

A pattern for the ends of a sideboard scarf may be made any desired width or length. Make a ring of 6 ch; work 4 groups of 3 tre with 2 ch between;



DAINTY SIDEBORD SCARF.

join; this forms a square; work 5 d tre drawn off together at the top on each side of the square with 13 ch between; work 5 ch to form the first d tre. Break off, make another center as before, but catch the first point to point in first square, 6 ch, join to 7 ch in first square, 6 ch, make another point and repeat with 13 ch between.

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